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Ancestral Timber



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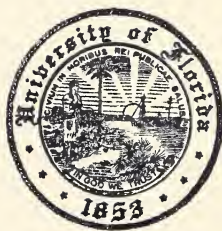
KITTY PARSONS

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TO THE COLORFUL CHARACTERS OF
THE PAST WHO HAVE CONTRIBUTED
SO MUCH IN FACT AND FANCY TO
THE INTEREST AND ENJOYMENT OF
THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT IS MADE TO THE
CONNECTICUT CIRCLE IN WHICH THE
MIDNIGHT RIDE OF SIBYL LUDINGTON
APPEARED AND TO THE ARTISTS OF
ROCKPORT ART ASSOCIATION FOR
PUBLICATION OF CAPTAIN KIDD.

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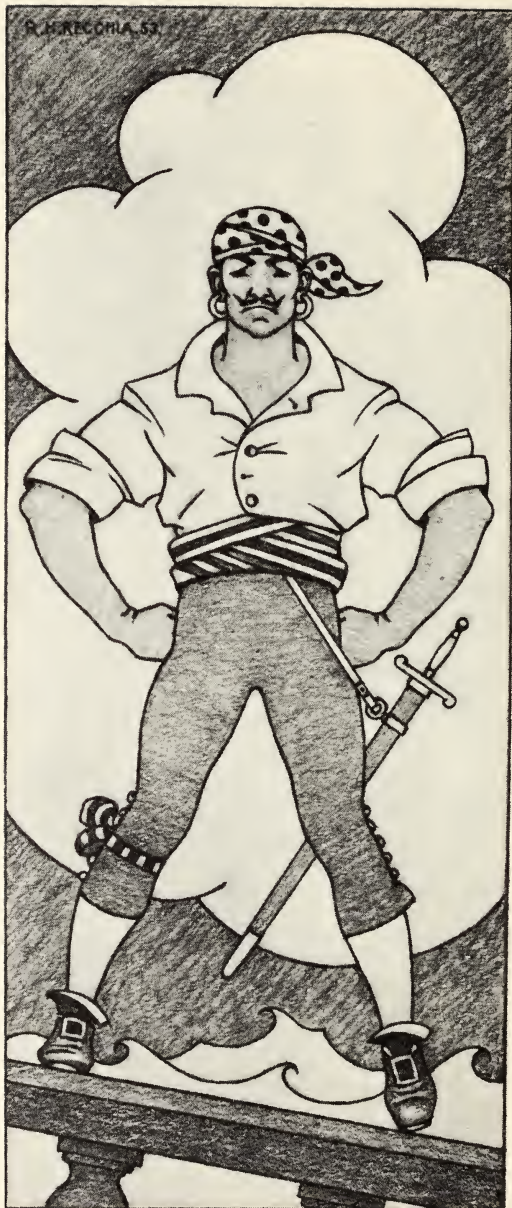
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Ancestral Timber



CAPTAIN KIDD

Born centuries back,
By Scotland's rough sea,
Young Kidd was made head,
By King William Three,

Of companies seizing
All pirates in sight,
And striving to keep things
Aboveboard and right.

In New York he settled,
And with his good wife,
Enjoyed a respectable,
Straightforward life.

His packet line traveled
The seas, far and wide,
Encountering corsairs,
Intending to hide.

But stories of splendor
And buccaneers' gold,
Were more than sweet William
Could peacefully hold,

So, forward he hastened,
To sample his luck,
And in the ADVENTURE,
Ran quickly amuck.

In fair Madagascar,
Where pirates held forth,
Kidd found them departed,
So journeyed due north,

To Malabar's shelter
From there to pursue
A rich Moorish vessel,
With little ado.

Next day he proceeded
To clean up the seas,
And captured rare prizes,
With wonderful ease.

His pride swelled completely,
At sight in the hold,
Of valuable treasures
And picaroons' gold.

So, back he came sailing,
To loftily boast
Of myriad conquests
Off many a coast.

He traveled New England
And combed her rough shore,
Till never a corner,
He did not explore.

But close to Rhode Island,
They caught him at last,
Which finished forever,
His glorious past.

Protesting his innocence
Without avail,
They landed him promptly
In old Boston jail.

Then, straightway they sent him
To England, to hang.
Which gave good King William
A moderate pang.

His heartbroken widow
Wept many a tear,
But married a fourth
By the end of the year.

The treasure he hoarded,
Was rescued in part,
On Gardiner's Island,
According to chart.

His unrighteous body,
Some claim went to rest
In Boston, but truly,
Officials attest,

It landed in London,
From where he set out
With great expectations,
And never a doubt.

Which proves that a pirate's
Career, which some crave,
May earn us a noose
Or a mendicant's grave.

SOLDIER DEBORAH SAMPSON

In seventeen sixty, of Mayflower stock,
Miss Deborah Sampson was born,
In south Massachusetts, a dignified town,
One frigid December day morn.
She early showed scorn for the raiment of girls,
And ardently hankered to be
A he-man in breeches and waistcoat and cap,
Quite happy-go-lucky and free.

And so, she grew up in an unadorned way,
And worked as a cook, for a living,
Preparing delectable puddings and pies,
On weekdays as well as Thanksgiving;
Until in the Tavern in masculine garb,
She outraged the township forever;
And scorned by employers and shunned by the church,
Decided past bonds to dis sever.

So, Deborah purchased an everyday suit,
A man wears and straightway set forth
To see the mysterious, wonderful world,
Reputed to lie farther north.
She traveled till slender resources expired,
And she was bereft — high and dry,
In Worcester, where soldiers were mustering troops,
So figured the army she'd try.

As young Robert Shurtleff, she went to West Point
And trained with innumerable men,
To combat the British in furious raids
And battle again and again.
They labeled her "Molly", or dear "Blooming Boy",
Because of her beardless condition,



D'ANDREA

And chided her modesty dressing in camp,
Uncommon to army tradition.

Near East Chester, Debby received a bad wound,
And fearing her sex be revealed,
Implored them abandon her where she collapsed,
But thinking the harm might be healed,
They carried her struggling and screaming with rage
Where she could have medical aid,
Not knowing their Blooming Boy, Molly, might be
A contrary, resolute maid.

She dragged herself painfully, far, far away,
To suffer alone by a tree,
Till health was regained and she shouldered her gun
To help set the colonies free.
The regiment welcomed her back to the fold
With pleasing display of affection,
And treated her kindly, as soldiers can do,
With manly, fraternal protection.

So splendid a warrior Deborah proved,
Her conduct was carefully noted
By General Patterson, chief in command,
Who read her report and then voted
To make her his orderly, — honor indeed,
Which fitted her talents precisely;
And when not entangled with gunshot and shell,
She charmed all the fair ladies, nicely.

In old Philadelphia, spite of her care,
This headstrong, determined deceiver,
Was carried unconscious for medical aid,
When stricken with desperate fever.
The doctor discovered her feminine sex
And solemnly swore to disclose

Her secret to none but the General himself, —
Not even to good friends or foes.

The gentleman flew in a towering rage,
To find he'd been properly fooled,
Then ordered the wrongdoer, dress as a girl,
When righteous resentment had cooled.
He summoned the men and right down through the
ranks,
Miss Deborah paced up and down,
And none comprehended or fancied he knew
The maid in the ladylike gown.

When Deborah told them the truth, every man
Responded with shouts of delight,
To think this pretender, for many months' time,
Had weathered the thick of the fight.
They deeply regretted that "Molly" must go,
But back to the farm she returned,
To marry Ben Gannet and evermore live
In peace she had rightfully earned.

Poor Deborah suffered because of her thigh,
Which gave her great anguish and pain,
As well as continual, grievous expense
And mental and physical strain.
Then Congress donated a pittance each month.
Until she departed this life,
At just sixty-seven, a soldier of note,
As well as a mother and wife.

This story of Deborah Sampson is one
Of courage and great independence;
Which started a fast rising, feminine wave
Of ever increasing transcendence.

CAPTAIN THUNDERBOLT

In Ireland, wild highwaymen, long, long ago,
From village to village, careened to and fro,

With much ammunition and pistols to boot,
Amassing collections of dubious loot.

So, rude Captain Lightfoot, a scandalous man,
His shocking performance, serenely began

With Mr. *Doherty*, a devil-may-care,
Who helped him disseminate pain and despair.

John altered *Doherty* to "Thunderbolt", next,
And acted the title with wonderful zest.

Five women he managed discreetly, to wive,
Remote from each other but strongly alive.

Disguised as a soldier or Quaker or priest,
They terrorized innocent people they fleeced,

Then, with their illegal, diversified goods,
The dashing marauders escaped to the woods.

Their horses, BEEFSTEAKS, and alert, DOWN-THE-
BANKS,
Transported them far with equivocal thanks,

Until Captain Thunderbolt suddenly read
A fabulous bounty was placed on his head.

Long since, Captain Lightfoot had fled, and his friend
Set sail where his fortunes might quietly mend.

And so, to New England, a good teacher came
To West River Valley, — one Wilson by name.

He taught A.B.C.'s and a few P's and Q's,
And how to divide and subtract threes and twos;

A man widely traveled, — profoundly well read,
He strutted where angels would fearsomely tread;

A "doctor", who remedied thousands of ills,
Delighting Vermonters with adequate pills.

And so, Doctor Wilson erected a school,
Like nothing constructed by architect's rule:

Small, circular, solid, with windows all round —
A fortress secure on immovable ground.

He pleasantly prospered but quickly turned pale
When rumors had Lightfoot reclining in jail,

Right there in New England — he shuddered to think
Of what exposition he stood on the brink.

Wild stories diffused of his colorful past,
And traveled the countryside, freely and fast,

Till when he departed this planet, they found
An outlaw had sullied Vermont native ground

For in his "Confessions" wild Lightfoot revealed
The secret that Thunderbolt long had concealed,

That under his boot was a heel made of wood,
On which for a number of years he had stood.

They found he still carried more scars of his past
Illicit marauding and all were aghast

To find a stiletto, deep down in his cane
Which shocked all the townfolk but helped to explain

The reason the schoolhouse was rounded and brick,
To best intercept some calamitous trick.

And so, a wild highwayman tarried among
Vermonters, and freely instructed their young

In reading and writing and mending their ways
And minding their manners the rest of their days.

He left them a building where even today,
Town meetings are held in the regular way,

And operate nicely through quiet or gale,
In spite of this scandalous, terrible tale.

JEREMIAH MOULTON AND THE YORK MASSACRE

Young Jeremiah's father kept
A tavern, down in Maine;
And there in York, in friendly style,
Would gaily entertain.
And so one night, there came to town,
From Portsmouth, near at hand,
A group of celebrated guests, —
A merry, carefree band.

The year was sixteen ninety-two,
And Candlemas, the night;
And though the air was bitter cold,
The inn was warm and bright.
The place was packed with visitors,
That February eve,
Who wine and dined lightheartedly,
With small desire to leave.

Then, on the scene appeared a crowd
Of Indians who yelled
And brandished tomahawks abroad,
And barbarously felled
The unprepared inhabitants;
And Jeremiah's friends
And parents, mercilessly slayed,
To satisfy their ends.

Then, when the massacre was done
And few men left alive,
They carried off the Moulton boy,
Who then was less than five,
And held him captive with their tribe.
Although compelled to drag

The child, who went reluctantly,
And let his footsteps lag.

He fought them with amazing force,
Despite his lesser years,
And vehemently clenched his fists,
Too furious for tears.
He battled angrily and long,
Kicked, bellowed, shouted, stamped;
Till Indians devoutly wished
He'd never been encamped.

But finally, good fortune came,
For Jeremiah burst
His bonds, and like a lightning flash,
Eluded his accursed
Relentless captors, who had slain
His mother and his dad
And sacked the settlement of York
Of everything it had.

So, Jeremiah hastened back
And forcefully impressed
The chieftains who had watched him go,
Nor offered to protest.
His friends and family were gone, —
All butchered, scalped or burned,
And devastation greeted him
Whichever way he turned.

Some thirty-three years after that,
Along the Kennebec,
A goodly regiment set out
To boldly countercheck
Their enemies of many years, —
The Abenake tribes,

At Norridgewock, — those Indians
Whose cruelty and jibes

Had aggravated colonists;
So, these relentless men,
With frenzied fighting vanquished them,
And went their way again.
We hear harsh mention of this fierce,
Infuriated fight,
But when we realize that one
Who led the troops that night,

Was Jeremiah Moulton, who
Had seen his father die,
And both his cherished parents scalped,
It may be, you and I
Might feel resentment towards the men
Who, with small provocation,
Had massacred as fair a spot
As any in our nation.

Two wrongs can never make a right,
And those who lost their all,
At hands of hostile savages,
Have vanished past recall.



GENERAL BAYLEY AND THE YOUNG BLADES

Old General Bayley was a man
Of celebrated name,
Who lived in three New England states
Before he rose to fame.

At last, he settled in Vermont
Where histories relate,
With other men he helped to found
The fair Green Mountain State.

He served in Indian wars and once
At William Henry fought,
And, by good fortune and God's grace,
Evaded being caught.

His daring grew, and on his head
The British set a price;
He ran the gauntlet, then escaped
on unsubstantial ice.

The Revolution brought renown,
But with the welcome peace,
His manifold accomplishments
And exploits did not cease,

For Bayley was an active man,
Alert and in his prime,
And to the problems of the day
He freely gave his time.

And so, he started off from home
And stopped to spend the night
At King's Bridge Tavern, near New York,
Where, to his great delight,

He found a comfortable room —
The only vacant one,
Because the place was widely known
And often overrun.

Soon in a hubbub, there arrived
A group of blades who'd planned
To take a room and celebrate —
A most persuasive band,

For Bayley heard their tale of woe,
And socially inclined,
Relinquished his apparent right,
As soon as he had dined.

Most gratefully, the young bloods urged
Him join the fun and play
A "Following the Leader" game,
Still exercised today.

First, one suggested that they throw
Their waistcoats in the fire,
And cheerfully the madcaps watched
Coats, shoes and hats expire.

Then came their breeches, leg by leg.
Till eagerly, one cried:
"Your watches, friends!" And pounds of gold
Went for a fatal ride.

The General's turn arrived at last,
But he was far too old
For such a devastating act,
They thought; — just youth was bold.

But Jacob Bayley was a man
Of energy and vim;
Active and keen at fifty-six, —
Alert in every limb.

"My boys," he said. "I have a plan
That's easy to enact."
And so he called the doctor in,
To painfully extract

The teeth of every gentleman
Indulging in the spree,
Or sacrifice his worldly goods —
Rings, horses, — currency.

"I'm first," the General specified,
Then jaws extended wide,
To show a solitary tooth,
He'd done his best to hide.

The hotspurs gasped in stunned surprise,
And fingered faultless teeth
That they had small propensity
So early to bequeath

At such exorbitant expense;
So grudgingly they said
Methuselah had proved his worth, —
They'd lost, and "so to bed!"

The blades collected the effects
Not burned, and cash to boot,
And General Bayley smiled and bowed
And took his share of loot.

A victory of wits he'd won, —
No less important fight;
And dignified and courtly still,
He bade the youths goodnight.

THE SEA SERPENT

Some people say a serpent is an elongated snake,
Found frequently in river streams, the ocean, or a lake;
But none cavorted round Cape Ann, her townships to
bestir,
Until the nineteenth century, the mariners aver.

Way back in eighteen seventeen, one lovely August day,
A Mister Allen Solomon regarded with dismay,
A most peculiar looking fish, emerging from the sea,
Shaking its rattlesnakish head, with rare facility.

So huge a fish he'd never met in waters anywhere,
And hurried home to spread the news on every
thoroughfare;
Around Cape Ann, the story flew, how Solomon had
seen
Not far from Gloucester's friendly shore, a creature,
submarine.

"What can it be? What can it be?" the older natives
said.

"A dinosauria come to life from out his ocean bed?"

"Or possibly a mermaid's son or antiquated whale."

"The thought appalls my very soul and turns me deathly
pale."

They pondered long and earnestly throughout the
countryside,
And morning, noon and night, discussed this serpent,
far and wide.
Some women could not swallow whole a fish of such
dimension,
And so, when Amos Story next, acknowledged his
intention

Of contemplating troubled seas, so to investigate
The truth of Solomon's romance, none would expostu-
late.

So, Amos sailed and disbelieving, scrutinized the spot
Where Sol observed his monster fish and aimed his
fruitless shot.

He scanned the waves, then gasped aloud: "Good Lord,
it cannot be!"

For unexpectedly, there rose a creature from the sea,
Who raised its head indifferently and idly looked about
For ninety minutes by the clock, and Amos was worn
out.

"I'll get you yet!" he cried, and aimed directly at its
head,

Anticipating eagerly, his target would be dead.

Alas! Poor Amos missed his mark, so hastened to the
shore

To entertain his fellow men with legends by the score,

About his daring enterprise — the serpent's giant size;
His "turtle" head, which ogled him in evident surprise;
Till Gloucester was electrified to apprehend this thing,
Before the summer season closed and visitors took wing.

So, Matthew Gaffney sallied forth to circumvent the foe,
And swore its head was dark on top and snowy white
below;

Shaped like a barrel, large and wide, and generous all
around,

As any husky keg of ale he luckily had found.

He likewise took a careless shot with doubtful aim
again,

Before relinquishing his chase to more ambitious men,
Like Captain Rich who journeyed north, to Gloucester,
just to see
What oddity had overturned the whole community.

It happened that their serpent friend had gone to Squam
that day,
And had been noticed at the Bar, not many miles away;
He followed and distinctly swore he'd hit the envied
mark,
Which none could contradict because he fired after dark.

Undoubtedly, you cannot keep a good man silent long,
And Captain West, from southern Maine, thought
something must be wrong,
For he'd espied him off the Cape, in conflict with a
whale,
And loud and clear rang out the blows, made by the
serpent's tail.

The creature formerly serene, was filled with indignation, —
Unless this was a fish's way of frivolous flirtation.
At any rate, he swam around the neighborhood for days,
And furnished entertainment thereabouts in divers ways.

He combed the stern and rockbound coast as far as
Portland, Maine,
Then wandered back to Ten Pound Isle and Annisquam
again;
And skirted Rye and Portsmouth next, then touched on
Halfway Rock,
Near Salem, but returned for church on Sunday, by the
clock.

Eventually, most citizens of Gloucester thought they'd
seen

The serpent or some specimen of animate marine;
His length perhaps, was ten feet two, or ten times ten,
at least, —

The longest fish extant, they claimed, without doubt,
in the east.

Soon, everyone was all agog about this great invasion,
And to elaborate their yarns, required small persuasion;
So rapidly tall fish tales grew, of fearful water demons,
Some people swore the narrators had caught delirium
tremens.

For years they dwelt upon the time that questionable fish
Had summered on the Gloucester shore and made the
natives wish

For colorful adventure of the most fantastic kind,
To stir imagination's bones and cultivate its mind.

And even now, from time to time, the zealous tell us
how

They saw an elephantine fish resembling horse or cow,
And stretching without hindrance, right from Squam to
Bearskin Neck —

'Twas utterly impossible, their fancy's rein to check.

In recent years on Cape Ann shores, no serpents have
been spied,

But some adventurers expect some superhuman tide
Will sweep one in and suddenly create a wild sensation,
To stimulate their lethargy to violent agitation.

HANNAH DUSTIN AND THE INDIANS

In Haverhill, Hannah
Lived, long, long ago,
When colonists suffered
Misfortune and woe.

She married Tom Dustin,
Three hundred years back,
And none of their troubles
Was caused by the lack

Of offspring, for over
A dozen appeared
To love and be cherished
And tenderly reared.

Wild Indians kept all
The settlements roused,
And women and children
Unhappily housed,

By raiding the countryside,
North, east and west, —
A mad reign of terror,
That none dared protest.

At work in the pasture,
With most of his flock,
Tom noticed some savages,
Close to a rock.

He fled but his wife
With a seven day child,
Was captured with Mary,
And rushed to the wild.

Her baby was brained
And the poor mother forced
To walk with one shoe,
While the rain-water coursed

Upon their thin clothing,
While patches of snow
Made cold beds for sleeping,
For both friend and foe.

The women kept onward,
In torture and pain,
Not daring to murmur
Or faintly complain.

They marched eighty miles
Till the Merrimac met
The Contocook river,
And when the sun set,

They camped on an island,
Exhausted but brave,
Alert to the dread
Of a premature grave.

That night they heard brewing
A terrible plan,
To carry them northward,
Where every last man

Would suffer the gauntlet, —
A shocking ordeal,
That those who survived it
Could sadly reveal.

And so, with a boy
 Who had come a long way,
The women connived
 At the end of the day,

To slay all their captors,
 And while the men slept,
They rose from their pallets
 And stealthily crept

To deal every Redskin
 A murderous blow,
Excepting one squaw
 And a boy, they let go.

Away from the island,
 With scalps in their hands,
They followed the river
 To less hostile lands.

Reports of her courage
 Had rapidly flown,
And settlers claimed Hannah
 As one of their own.

Their fortunes depleted,
 The General Court made
Some small compensation
 For requisite aid.

In bronze, Hannah Dustin
 Now stands on the green,
With hatchet in hand,
 Looking out on the scene.

Around her is peace
That our brave pioneers
But rarely encountered
In long ago years.

CHINESE WARD

In Salem, Frederick Townsend Ward was born,
But viewed its staid, unruffled life with scorn.

When just a child, rather than play with boys,
He fought tin warriors — his favorite toys.

Early in youth, he joined the French to fight
In Africa, for what he thought was right.

From there he journeyed onward to Shanghai,
Where fierce Tai-Ping revolts were raging high.

All China teemed with uprisings and fray,
And weary people shuddered with dismay.

Rich merchants offered generous reward
To someone who would ably use his sword

To rid their city of the rude Tai-Pings
And sad destruction all embroilment brings.

Ward volunteered and with dare-devil men,
Fought some twelve thousand strong, but once again

Was beaten back, and gathered added strength
To carry on the siege at greater length.

Outnumbered still, an hundred men to one,
He won the fight before the day was done.

From there, Ward's victories increased until
All China knew his military skill.

Made General in the Chinese force, he wed
The daughter of a mandarin, who plead

With him to spare his precious life for her,
And shun the urgent military spur.

But not for long could Frederick Ward resist
The battle cry, and soon went to enlist

In an encounter, bitterly intense,
With brilliant victory its recompense.

In this fierce siege, the general received
A mortal wound that could not be relieved;

But through the fighting, almost shot in two,
He still directed what his men should do.

Then, when the battle had been won, he fell, —
Unhappy victim of a fatal shell.

They carried him to Ningpo, where he lay
In solemn state, — the hero of the day.

His widow, Changmoi, never strong or hale,
Drooped silently, then followed in his trail.

The Chinese placed above them, on a bank,
A mausoleum worthy of their rank,

And on the site of every conquest, raised
Great monuments that later on, amazed

Americans, that one of them could be
So greatly honored and revered, as he.

At thirty-one, Ward died but lives today,
A god to whom the Chinese people pray.

This rare, imperial edict now abides
In Salem's Essex Institute, which prides

Itself upon so valuable a thing,
No white man had before, — soldier or king.

Ward had a brief but venturesome career, —
A warrior, born and bred, — heedless of fear.

He left a record, totally unique,
Of which faint-hearted souls can bravely speak.



ROYALTY IN MAINE

Not far from Wiscasset, way down east in Maine,
North Edgecomb reclines on dramatic terrain,
While close by, the Sheepscot unmindfully flows
By banks where full many a wildflower blows.

Two hundred years back in the deep buried past,
The fate of a queen just escaped being cast
In Edgecomb, and if you should ask someone there,
He'd show you her dwelling, not far from the square.

A Captain named Decker first built with his hands
A house on an island, but heard the demands
Of one of his daughters, to move it nearby
The beautiful Sheepscot, on land high and dry.

The Captain removed it, so young Mrs. Clough,
Along with her husband, could sit on the bluff;
Where still on its lofty, magnificent site,
This domicile rests, for the tourists' delight.

A sailor by choice, Captain Clough sailed the seas
And traveled abroad with the greatest of ease;
His vessel rolled homeward with cargoes galore,
Of coon cats, kimonas and Buddhas and ore.

In France, things were seething and luckless Marie
Lay pining in prison, agog to be free;
The Captain grieved greatly, to think of her plight,
And started conniving to make matters right.

With others, he plotted to carry the Queen
To Maine in the SALLY, where things were
serene;
And so, he sailed eastward, post haste, to collect
The captive Marie, should the gods so elect.

So secret and unascertained was his task,
No Maine-ite had even dared venture to ask
The aim of his mission, though wise ones surmised
Invisible intrigue lay deeply disguised.

He journeyed to France and remained there so long,
All Edgecomb insisted that something was wrong;
His wife worked to make the place spotlessly clean,
To be more deserving an ostracized queen.

But when the ship SALLY arrived home at last,
No royalty stood at the side of the mast,
Nor down in the cabin, nor deep in the stern,
And shortly, the village was saddened to learn

Her Highness lay captive, abandoned and lorn,
Regretting sincerely she'd ever been born.
The Captain transported her wardrobe instead,
While royalty waited the loss of her head.

They guarded these precious possessions a while,
Until Mrs. Clough thought it time to beguile
The natives by wearing King Louis's rich robe,
Whose story extended a third round the globe.

These articles traveled afar, south and west,
And later were found in the poorest and best
Remote hidden places, and many relate
Their strangely irregular, tumbledown fate.

This picturesque tale needs no check-rein or fetter,
For all its adventures are true to the letter;
But if you believe you have cause to complain,
Just visit North Edgecomb yourself, — down in
Maine.

THE LEADER OF THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS

Born down in Litchfield, in the Nutmeg State,
Young Ethan Allen, oldest child of eight,
Lived in the woods there, near two thirds his life;
Read, studied, hunted game, and found a wife.

A giant, hard as steel, his strength and might
Made others indisposed to start a fight;
What seemed to them impossible to do,
To him was only play, — the settlers knew
That Ethan Allen was a man of force
Whose path in life would take no common course.
A woodsman by necessity and choice,
The virgin wilderness made him rejoice
Until Connecticut appeared so tame,
He traveled north to institute a claim
In what was then New Hampshire Grants, — a place
New York was more than anxious to embrace.

Ethan, indignant at the treatment paid
The Grants, next started out on a crusade
Against the "Yorkers", thwarting their demands
And savagely combatting for their lands.
A leader born, he ably organized
The famed Green Mountain Boys and paralyzed
The nearby state which offered as reward,
One hundred pounds, — and daily prayed the Lord
That they might apprehend this fearless giant,
Who scorned their threats and dared to be defiant.

Ethan soon moved his family up north
And with the Mountain Boys adventured forth.

That year, the Colonel met a sad mischance,
Which put an end to fighting and romance,
When captured by the enemy up north,
Near Montreal, where he had sallied forth.
With great despatch they shipped him overseas
To England, Ireland, — points that would displease.
He suffered weeks with irons on his legs,
Improper food and lack of ale in kegs;
For three distressing years, Ethan endured
Hardship and pain which never could be cured.

When finally he gained release, they made
Him general, which incompletely paid
For all his efforts for his country's sake,
And time he'd lost and never could retake.
He settled down in Burlington, to work
For his adopted state, and did not shirk
Responsibility; but sad to say,
When only fifty-one, he passed away.

On hearing of his death, the president
Of Yale, one Stiles, recorded where he went,
And in his diary, took pains to tell
The world that Ethan Allen "went to hell".

We will not argue, but his brief career
Was fraught with jeopardy, and we shall hear
Wild tales that never cease to give a thrill,
And make intriguing storytelling still.
For Ethan Allen was a man who made
A deep impression which will never fade.
He fought for independence faithfully,
And spent his life span striving to be free,
Until his vivid reputation spread,
And pale offenders heeded him with dread.

A signal of the Mountain Boys was three
Lamenting owl hoots, which grew to be
So plaintive that another owl mistook
The Colonel for a lady-bird, and took
A flying leap and landed on his back
In indignation, ready to attack.

Courageous, bold and forceful, — every day
Brought undertakings which might well dismay
A lesser man. Fighting was common fare
For him, and catamount and even bear
He met from time to time and then despatched
So rapidly, they seemed unfairly matched.

A heavy drinker, stories flew about
A rattlesnake, which very few would doubt:
Right after biting Ethan while he slept
Beneath a tree, he reeled away and crept
Into the shade, to sleep away his dose
Of something he could poorly diagnose.

A fighter, always ready for the fray,
Young Allen filled with pride, the happy day
His orders came to seize the famous fort, —
Ticonderoga, — valuable port;
The "Key to North America", some said,
Where nations many times battled and bled.
With Arnold, he set out to take this spot, —
The vital core of stratagem and plot.
He ordered them surrender "in the name
Of Great Jehovah," — words which rose to fame, —
"And Continental Congress!" Nation-wide,
They learned no shot was fired on either side.

HOW DARTMOUTH COLLEGE BEGAN

In Lebanon, Connecticut,
Two hundred years ago,
A young Mohegan visited
A minister, to know

Would he agree to counsel him
And teach him Christian ways;
So, Parson Wheelock welcomed him
And many, many days,

He helped the serious young man,
And Samson Occum spent
Long hours with advantageous books,
In studious content.

He learned so quickly, Wheelock took
More Indian boys, to see
If he might run a school for them
That would be wholly free.

The students entered, — twenty strong,
And as the project grew,
He pondered what should be the best
And wisest thing to do.

The people of Connecticut
Opposed the enterprise,
To see the Red men who had brought
Them pain and hardship, rise.

It mattered little that the tribe
Known as Mohegans, fought
Beside the colonists in wars,
To which they gave small thought.

To gather money for the school,
The Parson planned to send
Sam Occum, then a minister,
To England with a friend.

So, he and Whitaker set sail,
Three thousand miles, to raise
Sufficient funds for Indians
To study Christian ways.

The famous Whitefield heard the scheme,
And proffered ready aid,
And with rare eloquence and force,
Helped Occum to persuade

The rest, the school should have support
From all who could afford
To give assistance to the cause
Of Indians, abroad.

The Earl of Dartmouth aided them,
And freely volunteered
Material encouragement,
Which definitely cheered

The tireless ministers, whose work
Would never terminate
Until their worthy goal was reached,
At some uncertain date.

Sam Occum grew to be the rage,
And Lebanon, his town,
Was made the title of a hymn
Which quickly gained renown.

Required funds came rolling in
By sudden leaps and bounds,
When England's king contributed
A sum of many pounds.

Not all commended Wheelock's school,
Despite its noble aim,
And scorn of the established Church,
Retarded full acclaim.

But Occum carried on his work,
In spite of opposition,
Until at last, his dearest hopes
Won coveted fruition.

Occom and Whitaker then bade
Their English friends farewell,
And sailed for home and Lebanon,
To happily retell,

Ten thousand pounds had come to them
From merchants, kings and peers,
To gain their ends and satisfy
The hopes of many years.

No greater sum was ever raised
In Britain, for a cause
Abroad, — not knowing that the plan
One day would win applause.

The Reverend Wheelock moved his school
To Hanover, up North,
Where from New Hampshire's rolling hills,
Young Indians went forth

More qualified to meet the world,
Which noble enterprise
Encouraged eager, youthful minds,
And guided sightless eyes.

Soon Wheelock's school spread out and grew,
And later changed its name
To Dartmouth, for the noted earl
Who recognized its aim.

Dartmouth has grown since Occum toiled
To benefit his race.
Until among our colleges,
It holds a lofty place.



THE PERFECT SCHOOLMASTER

Two hundred years back, in the township in Maine,
 Once widely renowned as "Arundel",
 They boasted no school where the children in town
 Might daily, reluctantly trundle.

The case was presented in full, to the court,
 And Mister Hicks chosen as teacher, —
 His pay to be two dollars, fifty cents, *flat*,
 Per year, — but not even the preacher

Could live at this price, so poor Mister Hicks sighed
 And let education lie fallow
 Until they collected ten times that small sum,
 For Williams, most earnest and callow.

He labored four years till he mentioned more pay,
Which brought his unquestioned dismissal,
And all the town fathers and all the town sons,
Allowed him to grumble and whistle.

But Williams brought action and gathered his due,
The while Mister Thompson took over, —
A product of Harvard, from Wilmington, Mass.,
Which landed Arundel in clover.

He asked for no payment and rested content
To take it or leave it forever,
And hewed to this pattern some thirty odd years,
When wasted with worthy endeavor,

He took to the bottle and deeply imbibed,
Though God knows who paid for his liquor, —
Not then the invaluable pearl of great price
Which causes imbibers to bicker.

So, ill-fated Thompson, who gave half his life,
Instructing the young to be wise,
Made alcoholism his ultimate aim, —
A course we would hardly advise.

Then, one night they found him collapsed in the snow,
And next day exposure took over,
And poor Ezra Thompson departed a life
That had not been totally clover.

They claimed he expired because of a cold,
And all of Arundel grieved lightly,
To hear that the schoolmaster's premature chill
Had closed his career expeditely.

Thus ended the trying attempts of a town
To further its youth's education;
As well as the life of a hardworking man,
Deserving eternal salvation.



THE MIDNIGHT RIDE OF SIBYL LUDINGTON

For years, we've heard stories of valiant Revere,
Whose warning was spread far and wide,
But naught of the dauntless Connecticut girl
And her dare-devil, fifty-mile ride.
Beside this, the exploit of eminent Paul,
Seems no such miraculous feat,
For Sibyl was only a slip of a girl,
With fortitude pleasant to meet.

It happened in seventeen seventy-seven,
At Westport, on April two-five,
Two thousand bold British debarked on the shore
And paused on the beach to connive
To plunder the Danbury patriot stores
That lay twenty-two miles away,
And started their ruthless, demolishing task,
Unopposed and with little delay.

Not far to the west, Colonel Ludington worked
A gristmill, and early that night
A young wounded messenger fell at his feet,
And gaspingly told of the sight
Of British invaders who rudely destroyed
Provisions and needed supplies
Of medicines, alcohol, brandy and rum,
They swallowed much more than was wise.

The Colonel was forced to remain at his post
To muster in men as they came,
But someone must travel the circuit to rouse
The regiment there and inflame
The men who were sleeping, suspecting no ill —
A difficult task for a man,

But none was forthcoming that notable night,
To cover the fifty-mile span.

"I'll go, dad," cried Sibyl. "There's no other way.
They know me and I know the course.

No man can ride better or faster than I,
Or feel more at home on a horse!"

"No, no, child," her father emphatically said.

"This country's unsettled and wild.

At sixteen, who knows what misfortune might fall
On one hardly more than a child!"

But Sibyl, his daughter, at last had her way,

And though she had never left home,

Her spirit was fearless, and quick as a flash,

Far into the vanishing gloam

She galloped through darkness—a wild, wooded stretch

Of wilderness most of the way,

Infested with Indians, hostile and fierce,

And guerillas, she dreaded by day.

Should Sibyl encounter these dangerous foes,

She knew they would certainly fire,

Or seize her and drag her alive from her horse, —

A fate more distressingly dire.

But no dismal thoughts did she dare entertain,

And heeding her mission alone,

Sped ever intrepidly, all the long night,

Through the desolate, perilous zone.

"To arms!" she kept calling, wherever she rode.

"To arms, for the British are here!"

And soon men came straggling to Ludington's camp,

From valleys and hills, far and near.

Exhausted but dauntless, she sped on and on,
Determined and brave to the end.
"Get up!" she admonished. "We've all got to fight, —
Our townships and lives to defend!"

"God give me endurance to finish my task!"
She prayed as the long miles she rode
Through the dreary, inscrutable, dangerous night,
Remote from her father's abode.
When morning came, Sibyl at last reached her home,
Worn out from her fifty-mile ride,
And found her reward for this venturesome feat, —
Her father's well-merited pride.

That same day the Ludington regiment joined
With Arnold and others they found,
And though far outnumbered, by three men to one,
Chased Redcoats for many miles round.
At Ridgefield, they ministered such a defeat
As Benedict ably could do,
And banished aggressors from Westport, so fast
And fiercely, the British were through.

Few know of the dangers young Sibyl once braved; —
No monument stands to recall
The number of lives she so fearlessly saved,
Or mention her courage at all.
She married and gave the world two stalwart sons
And daughters as well, and then died
Unknown, though she routed the enemy's guns,
In her venturous, dare-devil ride.

THE ROYALTON RAID

Of all the wild raids
In Vermont's long career,
The Royalton one
Was most tragic and drear.

The Redskins came roaring
From Tunbridge, due north,
Three hundred in number,
Determined and wroth.

Their leader was English
Fierce, cruel and rough,
Who goaded the Indians
More than enough.

Down into the townships,
They stormed and destroyed
The shelter and farmlands
They long had enjoyed.

They slaughtered the cattle
And burned left and right, —
The best of the valley
Was shattered that night.

A mad reign of terror
Swept over the heads
Of colonists rudely
Dragged out of their beds.

They spared not a child
From their onslaught of fear,
And ruthlessly tore them
From those they held dear.

None dared intercept them
 Until there appeared
One brave Hannah Handy,
 Who then volunteered

To rescue the children,
 Whereon she arose
And snatched them adroitly
 From under their nose.

They struck her and beat her
 With gun butts, and then,
She fiercely defied them
 And rose up again,

To capture more children,
 Then daringly fought,
Not giving salvation
 A cursory thought.

Another true hero,
 One Parkhurst by name,
Because of his courage
 Climbed likewise to fame.

This Phineas Parkhurst,
 Though shot through the side,
Leaped quickly on horesback,
 To daringly ride

Through White River Valley
 To scatter dismay
By warning them, Redskins
 Were well on the way.

The settlements roused
 To their needed defence,
And rushed reinforcements
 To stop the offence,

Till raiders were vanquished
 And left them in peace,
To freely thank heaven
 For blessed release.

An arch now stands firmly
 On Royalton's green,
To call to the mind
 This calamitous scene,

When bold Hannah Handy
 And Phineas braved
The savages' onslaught
 And fearlessly saved

The colonists' lives
 And prevented the end
Of all they had struggled
 So long to defend.

THE PIRATES' DOWNFALL

The SQUIRREL sailed the wintry seas
From Annisquam, one day
In seventeen and twenty-four,
And soon got underway.

A handsome, newmade ship was she,
With ne'er a crack or leak,
Fresh painted for her heavy cruise,
And christened but a week.

She sailed and sailed, this pretty sloop,
And all went wondrous well,
Till suddenly, one April day,
Calamity befell.

The captain spied a pirate ship
Before his very eyes,
Arising like a brooding cloud,
Across untroubled skies.

To make things more alarming still,
John Phillips had command, —
The most outrageous buccaneer,
On either sea or land.

"Bad luck is ours," the captain groaned,
"On this, our maiden trip;
Undoubtedly, my worthy men,
We must abandon ship.

" 'Twere hopeless for my crew to fight,
Outnumbered at the start;
To see the able SQUIRREL sink,
Would truly break my heart."

"Nay, nay!" cried Phillips, fierce and bold.

"Your ship is young and strong.
'Twill serve my purpose valiantly,
And last me doubly long.

"We'll shift all hands and come aboard
At once, without delay,
And sail dead east if winds allow,
Before the break of day."

No sooner said than done, they found,
And ere an hour was spent,
The conquerors marched round the deck,
Proudly impenitent.

The captured crew were all ablaze
With righteous, flaming rage, —
To see their independent ship,
At such a tender age,

So rudely seized by pirate hands,
And pondered what to do
To liberate her rapidly,
And save her valiant crew.

A captive youth with Phillips' men,
Great-grandsire, without doubt,
Of Millard Fillmore, president,
Determined he would rout

The pirates who had promised him
His freedom, once or twice,
And proved their bold assurances,
Precarious as dice.

So, Fillmore with the SQUIRREL's mate,
And Captain Harraden,
In secret plotted their escape,
And notified the men.

When all was ripe, the captain spoke —
A pleasant man was he, —
"Pray let me nail these shaky boards, —
There still are two or three.

"The ship was launched a day too soon,
And needs some added work,
Which we would rather do ourselves,
In any case, than shirk."

"Ay, ay," the pirate leader said.
(He wished the SQUIRREL tight
And snug to lead his ruthless lot
Through many a bitter fight.)

He'd seldom seen a better ship,
Nor captured one so fine,
And dreams of future conquests shone
Before him, crystalline.

So Harraden began to pound
And hammer here and there.
Till suddenly his men attacked
The pirates unaware,

And took the SQUIRREL back again.
Before their very eyes,
And bound the helpless picaroons
Who saw the enterprise.

They turned the vessel sharp about,
And with a rousing cheer,
They headed her for Annisquam,
Some distance round the sphere.

And when at last they reached their port,
Two pirates' heads were nailed
Fast to the mast to tell the world,
The SQUIRREL had not failed

Upon her most adventurous,
First voyage on the sea, —
The thirty-fifth good sailing ship,
She haply chanced to be,

That pirates seized within the year, —
A sorry fate for all,
For none was ever seen again,
But this one, — great or small.

A battleship had tried to seize
John Phillips, many times,
But Andrew Harraden alone,
Could hang him for his crimes.

Thus terminated happily,
This tale of buccaneers,
Whose song of triumph might have been
A canticle of tears.

"LIVE FREE OR DIE"

Stark was a vigorous, brave man,
Whose venturesome career began
Back in New Hampshire's central hills,
With solid folk, devoid of frills.

In youth, he hunted native game,
Shooting his prey with certain aim.
So, one day he and three young men
Set out to comb the woods again,
Near Baker's River, where they met
Some Indians who made no threat,
But killed Dave Stinson of their crew.
One fled before the other two
Were captured by the hostile Reds,
Who coveted the white men's heads.

Soon after this, the tribe set forth
With Stark and Eastman, for the north.
John worked by day, but through the night
They never let him out of sight.
One thing that roused his utter scorn
Was "woman's work", of hoeing corn,
Which pleased Chief Titigaw, to see
A man as spirited as he.
Stark ran the gauntlet in a way
They had not seen for many a day,
And caused the savages to cheer
For one so destitute of fear.

In Canada, the captives gained
Release, when Massachusetts deigned
To ransom them. The price to free
John Stark was just one hundred three.

Young Eastman cost them somewhat less,
But for the two came no redress
From their own state, — a point which made
Them grateful for the Bay State's aid.
Then, back to till the soil they went,
Grateful and pleasantly content.

Stark practised trapping then, to pay
His ransom back without delay.
He worked at farming actively.
But peace on earth was not to be,
And soon the French and Indian wars
Made men forsake their common chores
To shoulder guns. John Stark was made
A captain and in many a raid
With Roger's Rangers, made a mark
That magnified the name of Stark.

There came a respite, all too brief, —
Then Revolution brought more grief
And suffering on every side
To young and aged, — nation-wide.
So, when the war broke out again,
Stark bravely led New Hampshire men
Off to the siege of Bunker Hill,
Where, by the old rail fence, with skill,
He held the left end of the line,
And by his masterly design,
Saved the Americans' retreat
When they were rudely forced to meet

The British for their third attack,
Which forced the fearless rebels back.

At Princeton and at Trenton too,
He held the right wing ably through
The battles, and these victories
Were brought about with greater ease.
Then, happily, at Bennington,
A most important siege was won.

That battle morn, before the fight,
He cried: "Our flag must float tonight
Above yon hill, or Molly Stark
Will sleep a widow!" This remark
Has since been quoted many times,
In prose and highly colored rhymes.

Our flag *did* float on yonder hill,
And Stark survived with little ill
To ninety-four, when finally
He slipped into eternity.
His record still endures to show
What all Americans should know:
Tremendous would have been the cost,
Had Bennington indeed been lost, —
A Saratoga loss as well,
Would have compelled us to retell
The history of one great war, —
A thing we'd bitterly deplore.

A man of fortitude and strength, —
Stark's exploits have been told at length
In many volumes since the day
His footsteps turned another way.

He claimed that "Death is not the worst
Of evils." His insatiate thirst

For freedom ruled his earthly life
And goaded him in bitter strife.
He felt the greatest thing to be
That every person should "live free
Or die." To him, a worse than living death
Would be to draw a captive breath.

Stark ranks with Webster, many state, —
High up among New Hampshire's great.
A leader, resolute and bold,
Cast in a stern, heroic mold.

THE TRUTH ABOUT TALLEYRAND

Oh, you've heard the illustrious Talleyrand's name, —
A Frenchman of notable birth,
Who some state-o'-Mainers acclaim for their own, —
Take the story for what it is worth.
In seventeen hundred, five-four, Charles Maurice,
A duke, saw the light in "Paree";
His father, an eminent figure at court,
Had a lengthy and plump pedigree.

He undertook college but when he succumbed
To smallpox, adopted the Church,
And served as a Bishop and Abbot until
He left this career in the lurch
And turned his attention to less holy fields,
And seeing Napoleon's power,
Devoutly supported the diplomat's course,
Which termed him the man of the hour.

On fair Frenchman's Bay, on American soil,
They say he was born at Lamoine,
While round Southwest Harbor, the natives insist
He blossomed; — we would not purloin
Events the Britannica furnishes, still
Most Maine-ites are godfearing men,
So, whether the legend be fiction or fact,
We'll faithfully tell it again.

There lived an old couple, down east in Lamoine,
Whose grandchild was fair to behold,
And when a French vessel arrived in the Bay,
The captain, we're truthfully told,
Made love to the ravishing maiden — alas!
Then steered for a far away land,
With pledges of faith, "until death do us part",
Concerning his heart and his hand.

Time passed and his love had a beautiful son,
And therewith departed this life,
Disheartened and crushed that her lover had flown,
And she could be never a wife.
The child lived with grandma in pleasing content,
Till one day a battleship came
With word his mysterious father had died,
And left him an eminent name.

They carried him back to La France where he found
He truly was Talleyrand's son,
With titles and fabulous fortune to boot;
So grievous misgivings were done.
Years later he visited lovely Lamoine,
Where legend acclaimed he was born,
And gazed on the tumbledown home of his birth,
Deserted and sadly forlorn.

Down east in the harbor we mentioned before,
The story is almost the same,
And trustworthy citizens swear, from this spot,
He mounted the ladder of fame
They claim, by the sea in a treacherous storm,
Jean Beauvais, a fisherman, drowned,
Compelling his luckless survivors to live
By tilling unlucrative ground.

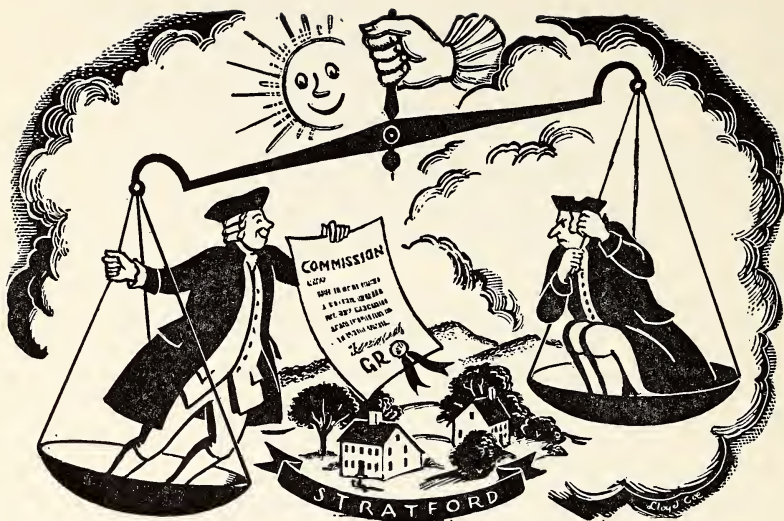
Soon after the mishap, towards fair Frenchman's Bay,
The BONHOMME breezed close to the shore,
With noble-born captain, distinguished and tall, —
A lady's man down to the core.
So, when he encountered the fisherman's child,
He pictured rich pageants of life,
Professing devotion with debonair charm,
And prating of "wedlock" and "wife".

The maiden succumbed and relinquished her heart,
And when her blond baby was born,
Protected him tenderly, day after day,
Though hopelessly humbled and lorn.
Then, one day a kettle unhappily fell
And scalded her darling boy's foot,
Which marked him a cripple and wholly destroyed
Mistrust of the Talleyrand root.

The duke was reputed disfigured in youth,
And through his resplendent career,
He hobbled through highways and byways of France,
Because of catastrophe here.
And always we picture his sorrowful state,
And see him disfigured and lame,
Which no way disrupted achievements in France,
Or harmed his illustrious name.

Again to this harbor, a French vessel sailed,
Announcing his father had died,
And made him his affluent, fortunate heir,
And so he returned with the tide
To France, where we hear of his wonderful feats,
Which few will give ear to, in Maine,
Where all the authentic, miraculous facts
Are buried, they freely maintain.

That Talleyrand never saw daylight in France,
Until he was quite a grown boy,
They firmly insist, and not many would wish
Such absolute faith to destroy.
It's legend that furnishes color in life,
And gives dull localities charm;
So, let us encourage and foster it well, —
In kind hands 'twill never do harm.



THE GOVERNOR AND THE JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

Tom Burnside was a gentleman
Of captivating bearing,
Who, through his generous life span,
Showed enterprise and daring.

Shot, in the bitter Indian fight
Of seventeen, five-seven,
At Lake Champlain, with great delight,
He shunned a trip to heaven

And brought the badly wounded, aid, —
A most astounding distance,
Which energetic ride he made,
Through courage and persistence.

After the turbulence of war
Had finally abated,
To Stratford he returned once more,
Decidedly elated

To find this small New Hampshire town,
With just two men surviving,
And so, to gain increased renown,
He started in conniving

To be the justice of the peace,
A seat he fancied greatly,
That careless management might cease,
And matters move sedately.

He paid a call on Colonel Barr,
Who lived in Londonderry, —
His counselor and guiding star, —
Intelligent and merry.

“What can I do to gain this post?”
Asked Burnside, most politely.
And Colonel Barr, the perfect host,
Responded expeditely:

“Some Londonderry linen take,
And firkins filled with butter, —
Both products claim Scotch-Irish make, —
Then straight to Portsmouth flutter,

“And see the Governor, and state
You bring an application,
For Wentworth can say yea or nay,
With legal commendation.”

Accordingly, conveying gifts,
Tom visited "His Honor",
Who listened closely to the shrifts
Of Stratford's eager donor.

"How many inmates in the town?"
And Thomas answered quickly:
"I and my neighbor, and it's known,
He's nondescript and sickly."

"Then why?" asked Wentworth, in surprise,
"Should you desire this office?
There would be none to supervise —
But maybe I'm a novice."

"Without a justice of the peace,
We'd be in litigation;
I am the only one to cease
This ugly conflagration."

"My neighbor's no more fit to hold
This office, than the devil;
And should he dare to make so bold,
Would certainly dishevel

"The reputation of our town; —
Your Excellency senses
Such tragedy means small renown
And poorly recompenses."

"Then the commission must be yours,"
Said Wentworth, very rightly.
"And let us hope that it restores
Peace, — morning, noon and nightly."

The justice thanked him, then espied
Decaners, sitting handy,
And hinted he would look inside
A bottle-neck of brandy.

"Just help yourself, sir," Wentworth said.
And soon the two were toasting
The justice of the peace, which led
To comprehensive boasting,

Till Burnside felt he must return
With his advanced position,
That Stratford's citizen might earn
Salvation from perdition.



LORD TIMOTHY DEXTER

Lord Dexter was a man of parts,
Who had himself to thank
For kindly designating him
A gentleman of rank.

Of humble parents sprang milord,
And most prodigious poor,
When first to Newbury he came,
Untitled and obscure.

His worldly goods were nondescript
But merited a wife,
Who clung to him adhesively
Throughout his earthly life.

Unnoticed, Dexter earned his bread
At treating leather skins,
While Bessie kept a cellar shop
Of condiments and pins.

But soon he grew more prosperous
Than he had been before,
And thrust aside the Wooden Glove
Above his humble door.

"I'll buy myself a coach and four!"
Quoth he and rode in style,
The while his peccadillos won
A condescending smile.

"I'll buy myself a grand estate,"
He told his lady next; —
She found his whims embarrassing,
And she herself, perplexed.

"I'll purchase ships and sail the seas
With cargoes rich and fine!"
And sealed his lavish promises
In kegs of ruby wine.

His vessels, good "Mehitabel",
And "Congress", carried tons
Of Bibles, whalebones, crated cats
And mittens, fans and guns,

And coals to Newcastle, which proved
Far better than it sounds;
And warming pans to tropic isles,
Where sugar-cane abounds.

As Timothy grew affluent,
He ventured to his Bess:
"I cannot stand your carping tongue
And impolite address.

"Get thee from hence and leave me be —
I'll not endure you more!"
But Bessie turned her stolid back
And never left his door.

"So be it, then," declared her lord.
"So long as you remain,
I'll treat you as a walking ghost,
With haughtiest disdain.

"And if this unresponsive town
Ignores me endlessly,
I'll hie me to another state
And take my pedigree."

He tried New Hampshire hills awhile,
But hastened back to buy
A mansion of magnificence
Upon the street called 'High'.

"From this day forth, forevermore,
I'll show the world," quoth he;
"My home shall be a fitting place
To house the likes of me.

" 'Lord Dexter', I shall be to all,
And on my door I'll set
An eagle, handsome to behold,
As any living yet."

"I'll mingle with celebrities
Down here below, — *today*, —
Not wait till I am dead and gone —
Perhaps another way."

Then on his wide pretentious lawns,
He planted eighty seven
Stone monuments of famous folk,
Long residents of heaven.

John Hancock, Burr and Franklin stood,
Commanding, stern and still,
With lovely Venus, in the nude,
And Louis, dressed to kill.

Tom Jefferson and Washington
And emperors galore,
With Moses, David, Solomon,
And many, many more,

Including Peter, Paul and John
And Adam and his Eve,
Who stood beneath an apple tree,
Enjoying her reprieve.

Now, Dexter felt that town events
Were dull, so brightly staged
His funeral, in novel style,
And lavishly engaged

Mourners to grace the gruesome scene,
Then beat his wife with vim,
For weeping insufficiently
Upon the last of him.

Soon after this, he drove to jail
In handsome coach and four,
For shooting at a passerby
A-peeping through his door.

Worn out at last, by work and rum,
Lord Timothy died young,
A man of rare propensities,
With praises weakly sung.

The statues underneath his trees,
Unconscious of the show,
Stood patiently until a gale
Destroyed their life below.

The eagle still adorns the door
Where Dexter and his crew
Resided, though in Newbury
Milord was known to few.



A WILD WHALING TRIP

O, many a hair-raising tale we've heard tell,
Of old Gloucester ships on the sea,
But none more amazing or stranger than one
A seaman related to me.

In days long ago, but a trivial few
Tried their fortunes at whaling for 'ile',
And one Peter Leman, a captain of note,
Sailed in search of it many a mile.

Far out on the ocean, this captain allowed,
A shark hovered close to his ship,
And so irritated the sailors aboard,
They wished to abandon the trip.

The mate agitated and stamped down the deck, —
No more would he suffer this shark.
"I'll fix him," he shouted. "He's big as a whale,
But he'll be in heaven by dark!"

So saying, he seized the ship's grindstone, — so huge,
He barely could lift it alone,
And gathering strength heaved it over the side,
Like throwing a canine a bone.

Superbly, the grindstone went whirling, post haste,
And quickly the mate followed after;
The shark manifested his cavernous jaws,
As if he were bursting with laughter.

Straight down the red lane went the grindstone and
mate, —
The shark swam along nonchalantly,
While fishermen shrieked and cavorted with rage,
Reviling the fish ungallantly.

Indignant, the cook commandeered his great knife,
To stab the detested annoyer,
And leaning far over the vessel's port side,
Descended to Mister Shark's foyer.

Enraged, Captain Leman swore loudly and long,
And seizing his harpoon directly,
Empierced their assiduous foe with an aim
Long studied and practiced correctly.

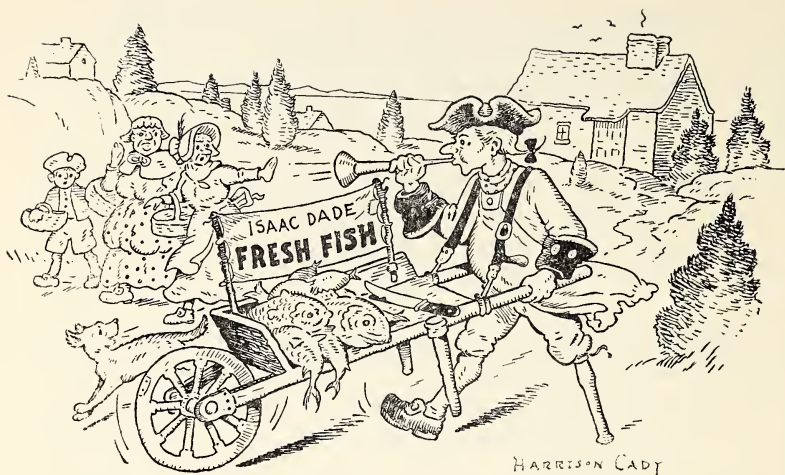
Alongside he hauled him and opened him wide,
To rescue his grindstone and cleaver,
And in the interior suffered a shock,
That would have extinguished a beaver;

For there were his shipmates, the cook and the mate,
 Bestirring their persons with vigor,
Collectedly edging the blade on the stone, —
 The Captain was all of a jigger,

To find them agreeably accepting their fate
 And losing their weapons completely;
His wrath undulated and orientated,
 Until it set sail indiscreetly.

Some say he departed with grindstone and knife
 And left them to nourish the fishes;
And some that they sailed back to Gloucester, intact, —
 But this may be highly fictitious,

For none can be certain what destiny brought,
 Wherever or whither they traveled;
To tell you the story is all I can do, —
 The answer has not been unraveled.



THE TALE OF ISAAC DADE

In England, Dade was rudely made
To sail the seas, merely to please
Those who had flung him from among
His family and friends, to be
Shipped on a British man-of-war,
Miles from his native England's shore.

In Gloucester, Dade, to best evade
Harsh tyranny, jumped in the sea
And swam away, — to their dismay.
While floating round, he shortly found
A fishing boat about to leave
The dock, and joined the crew that eve.

On some pretext he quit, and next
The army tried and nearly died
Upon the field, and had to yield
One useful leg, so had to beg

Miss Fanny Brundle's hand and heart,
Upon one foot — a rigid art.

"Dear Fan," he said, and colored red.

"I offer you one leg, not two, —

But all my heart, till death us part.

Spare me distress and answer, yes!"

"I'd rather you with one," said she,

"Than other men with two or three!"

And so the twain loved not in vain,

And soon were wed and freely fed

Some little Dades, whose escapades

Delighted all who came to call,

Until the ailments war had brought,

Gave Fan and Isaac food for thought.

The southern heat helped to defeat

Poor Isaac's aches and what it takes

To work each day and have to pay

The price in health, instead of wealth.

And so the Dades adventured forth

To find Cape Ann, far to the north.

On Dogtown there, they found the air

More lively *and* they liked the sand

And rocks and sea, which all were free.

Dade had the wish to deal in fish,

But though he tried, he did not thrive,

For women liked their fish alive.

At last he left his wife bereft,

To sadly moan her loss alone,

On Dogtown's lair, far from the glare

Of city street, in deep retreat,

She lived without undue event,

Then followed Isaac where he went.

THE WARRIOR QUEEN

Queen Weetamoe, — the Indian name
For "Sweetheart", was the ruler
Of Wampanoag Indians,
And very few could fool her.
A more determined warrior,
Or more destructive foe,
Had never roamed Rhode Island woods,
Or Cape Cod's heel and toe.

This sovereign was much inclined
To change her consorts often,
And when espoused to Number One,
Wamsutta came to soften
Her iron heart. He was the son
Of Massasoit, and brother
Of bold King Philip, Indian chief,
More famous than his mother.

He and his Narragansett tribe,
The colonists all dreaded,
But Weetamoe appraised his charms
And consequently wedded
Her second mate, whom settlers called
The English Alexander,
Thus rousing Philip's bitter ire
And hate of her commander.

When Massasoit expired, this squaw,
The "Warrior Queen", was christened,
And with the stimulus of power,
Her restive orbits glistened.
She plagued the courtroom with laments
About Wamsutta's title

Upon her lands, till finally,
Death ministered requital.

Next, Quiquequanchett came in line,
And prospered for a jiffy,
In splendor, but his brief career
Was mountainous and cliffy.
Petonowowet, for a trice,
Then Quanopen, a leader
Of Narragansetts, who survived
No more than his preder.

Her marital entanglements
Involved such small adherence,
That Weetamoe's extended wars
Had little interference.
She terrorized the whites she swore
Had murdered her Wamsutta,
Whose eulogies, since he was dead,
She lavishly could utter.

At last King Philip lost his power,
And presently, her Highness
Found followers deserting her,
And with efficient slyness,
She fled her happy hunting ground,
With spirit somewhat chastened,
For refuge in Rhode Island woods,
Where prosecutors hastened.

Aboard a shaky river-raft,
The exiled queen took shelter,
Where lucklessly her craft capsized
And scattered helter-skelter.

King Philip died within the week,
Which definitely ended
The Narragansett leadership,
So bitterly contended.

They placed the queen's head on a pole,
For curious spectators
And Indians who fancied her
Among their liberators.
Poor Weetamoe, — perverse and vain,
Set many men pursuing; —
And earnest efforts for her race,
Effected her undoing.

DOGTOWN COMMON

In sixteen fifty — long ago,
 On primitive Cape Ann,
The Dogtown Common settlement
 Most hopefully began.

'Twas no deserted village then,
 But rather "comme il faut",
And men of parts considered it
 The proper place to go.

So, many came and left their mark
 On Dogtown's history,
And made the past more colorful
 For you and yours and me.

Now, Tammy Younger, "Witches' Queen",
 Lived with one Luce, by name,
Who'd charm a heavy load of wood
 Without an ounce of shame.

Aloft Fox Hill, these ladies swore
 To suit the strongest taste,
And those who heard them agitate,
 Would disappear in haste.

In teacups, Becky Rich could tell
 The leading men's dark fate,
While Esther Carter nursed the sick
 And lived in lonely state

In Dogtown's sole two-story house
 Below a dusky dame
Who dressed in male attire and said:
 "John Woodman is my name."

One Joseph Stevens, husbandman,
Of enterprising mold,
Had spacious fields and all the crops
And cattle they could hold.

Poor Dorcas Foster's luckless dad
To battle went, but she
Found solace for her loneliness,
With husbands, one, two, three.

John Morgan Stanwood, or "the Boo",
Could bake a noble pie;
And Peter Lurvey's battle scars
Would close a turncoat's eye.

"Dark" Tucker, on the Commons Road,
Was aunt to Judy Rhines,
While Sammy Stanley dressed in skirts
And neckerchief, and shines

As one of Dogtown's brightest stars,
But moved down Rockport way,
And thrived on drinking cambric tea
And washing by the day.

Black Neil survived to goodly age
In cellars, they relate,
But died of ease and luxury,
Which came to him too late.

A soldier very brave and true,
Was Captain Isaac Dade,
But should you dare investigate
His cellar, I'm afraid

You'd be surprised, for buried there
 Beneath your feet, today,
Are ancient steeds whose bridle path,
 Is now the Milky Way.

The judge's cousin, "Abram" Wharf,
 Grew weary of this life,
And slit his throat behind a rock,
 With razor-blade or knife.

Two wives and children seventeen,
 Jo Allen had, while Day
Had twins, and Priestly, girls and boys
 Who made the Commons gay.

Old Granny Day has named the swamp
 Where careless cattle fall,
While Colonel Pearce's pasture land
 Is recognized by all.

Peg Wesson was a famous witch
 Who rode a broomstick far,
And in a crow's disguise flew high,
 To meet a shooting star.

The Coffins, Clarks and Pulsifers,
 Lyd Mussey and Jim White,
Moll Jacobs, Hatty Balch, John Wharf, —
 Saw Dogtown at its height.

And so things went for many years,
 Till one and all were gone,
And old Black Neil, the last of all,
 Resided there alone.

By eighteen-fifty, dogs and cats
And widowed wives had left,
And Dogtown's empty cottages
Stood lonely and bereft.

Now, cattle grazing lazily
Show little real concern
For feeble shadows of the past, —
But those who sometimes yearn

For true romance will thrill again
To Dogtown's atmosphere,
And from the whirligig of life
Will sometimes disappear

To roam these rugged, lonely moors,
Where only boulders grow,
And stand in Judy's cellar-hole,
With Morgan's Brook below.

So, steal a moment's breathing space
And let your fancy fly
To days when Peter Lurvey fought
And old Black Neil limped by.

These all have vanished, long ago,
But can we not feel still,
The breath of fragrant memories
On Dogtown's lofty hill?

THE LEGEND OF CHOCORUA

Last chief of the Pequawket tribe,
Chocorua by name,
Lived near New Hampshire's lovely lakes,
And freely hunted game.

One day his good squaw left this life,
And with his only child,
He wandered lonely and forlorn,
Around the mountain wild.

The boy was neighborly with whites
Who'd settled near his home,
And visited kind English folk
Named Campbell, and would roam

About their little house, at will;
And playing there, he found
A poison substance fixed to kill
A fox who hovered round.

He swallowed some and hurried home
And very shortly died,
And when Chocorua heard the facts,
He furiously cried

His vengeance on the murderers
Of his beloved son,
And plotted to eliminate
The Campbells, one by one.

He felt this accidental death
Was planned, and so one day
He entered in the white man's home,
When Campbell was away,

And killed the children and the wife
The Englishman adored,
And when poor Campbell found them dead,
He bitterly outpoured

His grief and vowed to have revenge;
So called the settlers in
To help him intercept the man
Who'd slaughtered all his kin.

Chocorua had disappeared
Into the mountain wild,
Glad he had slain those whom he thought
Had rudely killed his child.

They hunted him like common game
And conjured him to stop,
But on he hastened, fleet of foot,
To reach the mountain-top.

They saw him stand and Campbell cried:
"Jump off!" but he replied:
"Great Spirit gave me life, and now
I'll not cast it aside

At any white man's will — that's all
That I shall say." And then,
Cornelius Campbell shouted out
In angry tones again:

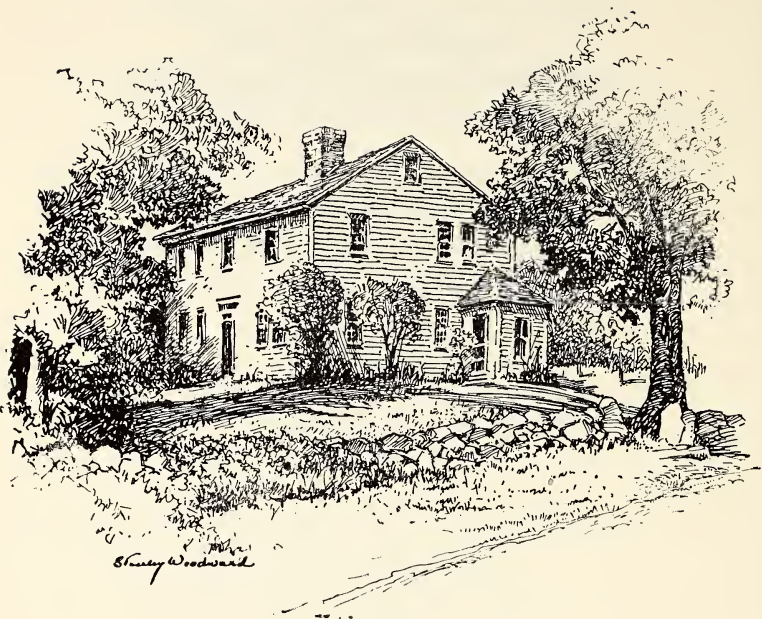
"Hear the Great Spirit speak once more,
In White Man's heavy thunder!"
And with these words he aimed his gun
And tore the chief asunder.

Chocorua went on his way
 Calling Great Spirit's name,
And died still cursing white men's bones
 And giving them the blame

For all calamities to come
 From that unhappy day,
Around the lovely mountainside, —
 But many people say

Chocorua is liable,
 They definitely know,
For all the valley's tragedy
 And suffering and woe.

✱



THE BIRTH OF A POET

Young Greenleaf, in his father's field,
One June day, long ago,
Was contemplating as he worked
His garden rake and hoe.

He dreamed of poetry and books, —
His head was full of songs
Of birds and bees and babbling brooks,
And people's rights and wrongs.

The Whittiers were Quaker folk, —
The father stern and grim,
Believed his only son should farm, —
Not cultivate a whim.

But Mother Whittier approved
Of Greenleaf's great ambition,
And cheered and greatly heartened him,
With friendly intuition.

This afternoon as Greenleaf toiled,
He heard his sister call,
And quickly throwing down his hoe,
He scaled the garden wall,

Well pleased to leave his irksome task
In Father's fertile field,
Employing tools and not the pen
He dearly longed to wield.

His mother and his sister sat
Beside the kitchen table,
In conversation with a man, —
His dad was in the stable.

The stranger rose: "I'm Garrison,
And Newbury's my home.
I edit there the NEW FREE PRESS,
Which tells you why I've come.

"The splendid poem you sent in,
Was published yesterday, —
About the exile's leaving home,
And I can truly say

"That it was good. You're talented,
Young Greenleaf, — you must work
At writing faithfully, I feel,
And lesser matters shirk."

The author gasped and Mary cried:
 "I'm guilty, very truly!
I sent my brother's poem in —
 Don't censure me unduly."

When Father heard the shocking news
 And words of commendation
About young Greenleaf's future work
 And general education,

He said: "I've little use for books,
 But Greenleaf seems to need
Them more, and Milton, Burns and Keats,
 He's always loved to read.

"It might be wise to let him try
 Some schooling for a while,"
Said Garrison. "To reach his goal,
 He'll travel many a mile."

"I'd rather that," his father said,
 "Than almost daily see
Him scribbling rhymes on paper bags
 And dreaming by a tree."

"Oh Father!" Greenleaf gladly cried.
 "I thank thee from my heart.
And Mr. Garrison as well —
 "I'll try to do my part."

So, Greenleaf started off to school
 And realized his dreams
And wrote of freeing slaves, and verse
 On many other themes.

In Haverhill, his birthplace stands
Near fields once rich with corn,
Where seeds of verse were deeply sown,
And gentle poems born.

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